

Celia's Triumph, Or, Venus Dethron'd.

The Gods forsake their *Venus* quite, | Who now they have Enthron'd above,
And make fair *Celia* their Delight; | And made her Queen of Us, and Love.

To a new Tune of, *Let the Critticks adore*, as it is Sung at the Play-house.

With allowance, May 8. 1678. Ro. L'Estrange.



Let the Critticks adore,
Their Old Venus no more,
She's a Gypsie,
Silly Mortals ne'r think,
That the Goddess will Drink
and be Tipse.

None but Vulcan can abide her,
She's grown so Black of late,
In his Cole-hole he does hide her,
to secure her from fate:
All the Gods are stark mad,
for a Venus more fair,
And swear they'd be glad,
that my Celia were there.

For her beauty transcends,
That fortune commends,
I there Dowdy,
All the Sphears took their light,
From her Lustre more bright,
that were Cloudy.

At which transformation,
the Gods they stood mute,
Like Stocks in their Station,
none daring Dispute,
The force of her eyes
which so wholly had gain'd
From sad Venus the prize,
which Celia obtain'd.

Boast no more in Dull Rhimes,
Wisk Lads of the times,
that your Misses
Whom you onely can prize,
Cause by hopes you may rise
to dry Kisses.

For their High-flown desires,
could never attain
To what Phillis aspires,
for Celia shall reign:
And since Venus submitted
to be prevaient charms,
And her Sovereignty quitted,
she fights your allarms.

Let no new Upstart then
Pretend to cross men
with false flashes,
And with pantings presume,
Which the Mercuries consume
into ashes.

But Submit and admire,
what in Celia is found,
And blushing retire
to leabe Celia Crown'd:
Let their Gallants run mad,
for meer spight to behold,
What made Phillis so sad,
and Venus so cold.

Let the Poets lay down
Their long Usurped Crown,
and present it
Her the Muses have had,
In their beauties been clad,
and had lent it.

But for Celia's great Glory,
to dispose it where she
Wight in Fortunes Story,
the chief wonder be:
In adoring her beauty,
I to happiness rise,
And pay amorous Duty
to Celia's Eyes.

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To their forces I gave
My self a willing slave,
and am trer
Then a Monarch in's Throne,
Who calls Europe his son,
shou'd he see her.

For her Charms, like Medea's,
would Eclipse his great state,
Had he bounds, as the Sea has,
he must yield to his fate,
And adore my bright Star,
by whose influence I move,
Like the Great God of War,
in the Orb of her Love.

Where I seated shall Reign,
And still happy remain,
since she gave me
In return of my pain,
What the Gods could not gain,
and did save me.

From a desperate fate,
which her scorn would invite,
And have put a full date
to my joy and delight:
But since she prefers me
to the Gods, by whose pain,
I shall freed from all fears be,
and Celia obtain.